

DOCTRINAL AND CONTROVERSIAL.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

The Editors reserve the right to erase all improper personalities and objectionable expressions found in any article accepted for this department; and they alone shall be the judges.

Misapplied Scriptures.

BY WILLIAM HINES.

In the EVANGELIST of April 29th I noticed the statement on the 4th page of "Misapplied Scripture," as the title to an article. The writer thinks that Matthew 11: 28, 29, 30, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," was not addressed to sinners, and when thus used by ministers, is wrongly applied.

But Jesus applied those words to the sinner who feels the need of salvation of his soul. When the sinner is troubled in his conscience, he is laboring under a load of sin and to get relief, Jesus invites them to come unto him and he would give them rest. Conviction of sin causes a burden, a labor, to the sinner's soul. That is what is meant by the scripture. The poor sinner will find rest in pardon of his sin. I can testify from experience how glad I was when redemption came. It was a taste of the sweet Manna from heaven and a realization of the grace of God in my heart.

"That I May Know Him."

BY C. H. BALSBAUGH.

Know Him: this was the one idea, theme and purpose of the Apostle Paul, all the Apostles, and the one thought and object of God in His Incarnation. Many beautiful and ravishing things are said about Christ, which awaken a transcendent thrill in the writer or reader, or speaker or auditor. But poesy and rhetoric are not Christianity. They may stir the natural sensibilities, and fire the imagination, beget a momentary, false hope, and an eventual distrust in religion itself.

That which is deepest in us abides amidst all fluctuations and changes. Joy and sorrow have a common basis in the fact of life. Regeneration is not annihilation but renovation—the incoming of the Author of life to repurchase His own and dislodge the author of sin and death. The deepest and safest knowledge of ourselves is not by self-inspection and contemplation, but by intuition. I am just now suffering fearful agonies in my throat and chest, which were neither originated nor can be eradicated by thought and volition. I do not reason myself into the conviction that I suffer. I am at the same time unutterably glad in the sense of ownership in an inheritance that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven. Neither is this a matter of logic and induction. It is deeper than thought or imagination. When God says of Himself, "I am," He expresses His eternity, blessedness, and glory, and the whole philosophy of redemption and Christian experience. Nothing comes to the lips of a real child of God with more emphasis than the sublime and thrilling declaration, *I am as God is*. Then we must try to persuade ourselves that we are Christians, we may well doubt our regeneration. The world still has many saints, but also, alas, an army of bastards: — Mary-born, perhaps, but unmistakably, Joseph-born. God asks the most energetic passivity of the human as co-operative in the Divine incoming and inbeing in the solemn and decisive work of regeneration. Much that is written about God and Christ and Christianity is simply bombastic and flippant.

The mind concocts its conceptions, and the heart is flattered with the beautiful mental picture, and pride spreads its great folly-colored peacock tail over the self-originated production, and the devil deludes writer and reader that this is knowing Christ. Paul would say, "Ye have not so learned Christ." Nothing is Christianity but the knowledge of God, such as Emmanuel had. Not theology or biology saves, but God in the flesh. Not theology, but Theo and Bio. "Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born again." This is salvation, and only this. All development and legislation and form must proceed from this Divine germ. "What is more than this cometh of evil." But this is radical, imperative, immutable, and cannot be ignored without peril. To dress

without reference to this is to dress as a sinner, no matter what the cut or color of the garment. By this reference I mean precisely what obtains between all life and its necessary expressions. Life in all its spheres arranges its externalization to the minutest details, in exact accordance with its specific character. The same is true, fundamentally and essentially of God, angels, men and devils. "What is born of the flesh is flesh, and what is born of the Spirit is Spirit." What is devil-born is devil-natured and devil-expressive. No one can see God or himself aright unless he looks through the eyes of Jesus. Emmanuel was compounded of both Divinity and Humanity, and possessed the latter full in all its pristine elements, but the proportion to Deity was less than the smallest drop to all the rivers and oceans of all worlds. The Christian is, by the very name he bears, not only Christ-possessed, but Christ-possessing, even to "all the fullness of God." I know that I live, not by argument or speculation, or the deductions of ratiocination but by consciousness. So does the Christian know Christ. Like begetter, like begotten. "As he is so are we in the world." John 4: 17. That which constitutes the specific peculiarity of the Christian life—consciousness, is "God manifest in the flesh."

In the glare and excitement of religious controversy this is apt to be forgotten, by those who know least of Christ. "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it." "I speak this to your shame," and my own. Let us learn to bear with ignorance and prejudice as did Christ, and let us see to it that the light that is in us be not darkness, nothing more than lamp-light kindled by man in a lower department of the tabernacle, and not the Shekinah itself, which is the very presence of Jehovah.

The life that comes from God is in constant movement toward God. The world to be hated and renounced, and the world to be redeemed, it deals with accordingly. Not to renounce is to be of it, not to redeem is recreant. Every writer tells of himself, and little do many of them suspect what revelations they make. If we knew Christ as He knew God, as the habit of our being, the raging tempest will cease, and there will be a great calm. "Learn of Me."

God Seeth.

When a great Grecian artist was fashioning an image for the temple, he was diligently carving the back part of the goddess, and one said to him, "You need not finish that part of the statue, because it is to be built in the wall." He replied, "The gods can see in the wall."

He had the right idea of what is due to God. That part of my religion which no man can see should be as perfect as if it were to be observed by all. The day shall declare it. When Christ shall come, everything shall be made known, and published before the universe. Therefore see to it that it be fit to be thus made known.

The Testing Hour.

Introduce into the chamber of the sick and dying man the whole pantheon of idols, which he has vainly worshiped—fame, wealth, pleasure, beauty, power—what miserable comforts are they all! Bind that wreath of tinsel around his brow, and see if it assuage his aching temples; spread before him the deeds and instruments which prove him the lord of innumerable possessions, and see if you can beguile him of a moment's anguish; see if he will not give you up those barren parchments for one drop of cool water, one draught of pure air. Go tell him when a fever rages through his veins that his table smokes with luxuries, and that the wine moveth itself aright and giveth its color in the cup, and see if this will calm his throbbing pulse. Tell him as he lies prostrate, helpless, and sinking with debility, that the song and dance are ready to begin, and that all without him is life, beauty and joy; nay, more; place in his motionless hand the scepter of a mighty empire, and see if he will be eager to grasp it. The eye of the dying tyrant could not regain its lustre by the recollection that its "bend could awe the world," nor his shaking limbs be quieted by remembering that his nod had commanded obedience from millions of slaves.—SEL.

"Souls Not Immortal."

(Continued from 2nd Page.)

with joy and gladness, and some with shame and disgrace. The man who was just and upright, will not be ashamed to meet his fellow-man there. He who spent a lifetime in defrauding his friends and neighbors, will have ample time to restore to them again; but with what shame must he go forth to his duty when all the dishonesty of a deceptive life shall be disclosed, and his victims can behold his consummate meanness. What a time he who reached the top by tearing others down, will have in making restitution. Then that which is spoken in the secret chamber shall be declared on the house top. At the end of this age, when Christ and the Church shall have finished the work of judgement, then shall the goats that have been gathering on the left hand of despair during the age, be destroyed, and the sheep shall enter into the everlasting pastures of enjoyment. Then will Christ deliver the kingdom up to God. Then will there be one fold of the immortal sheep and perfect human sheep. "Other sheep have I that are not of this fold, them must I bring also that they may be one fold and one shepherd."

In conclusion we will review some of the most prominent features in this essay. We wish to impress you with the full force of the fact that the first soul created (Adam) is dead, and what is true of it is true of all others. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." From this we learn that Christ has purchased the human race from the power of death, and at the same time became an example by which it is possible to attain unto immortality. By grace we are saved, but by works we reach the highest condition in the catalogue of heaven.

"Coming! Coming!"

There was an old turn-pike man on a quiet country road, whose habit was to shut his gate at night and take his nap. One dark, wet night, I knocked at his door, calling "Gate! gate!"

"Coming," said the voice of the old man.

Then I knocked again, and once more the voice replied, "Coming."

This went on for some time, till at length I grew quite angry, and jumping off my horse, opened the door and demanded why he cried "Coming" for twenty minutes, but never came.

"Who's there?" said the old man in a quiet, sleepy voice, rubbing his eyes. "What d'ye want, sir?" Then awakening, "Bless yer, sir, and yer pardon; I was asleep. I got so used to hearing 'em knock that I'd answer 'coming' in my sleep, and take no more notice about it."

So it is with too many hearers of the Gospel, who hear by habit and answer God by habit, and at length die with their souls asleep. Awake, O sleeper; for God "hath appointed a day in which he shall judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom he hath appointed;" and then your idle answers will all be brought to light.—SEL.

Fretting over the Past.

The tongue has its uses and its abuses, and one of the latter is complaining about things that are done and gone past remedy. It is a waste of time and nerve, and a disturber of the peace of so much of the ocean of life as lies within its radius. If a bad job can be bettered, or if a good plain talk about its evils can bring about an improvement, or even impress on others a needed lesson which will be heeded, why, then attack it with the tongue. But even then do not put venom into it, or complaint. Talk it over calmly, kindly and gently.

Much of the threatfulness in which the tongue is employed has, however to do with mistakes and faults that cannot be helped. Over these keep the mouth shut, or use the tongue in singing songs of joy and hope; or put on the hat and call on some weary, troubled soul, and pour into the listening ear words of love and consolation; tell to some unsaved soul the story or salvation; use this ready member among the faculties in any and every way to make the world better and happier, rather than in the worse than useless business of fretting over things that are past help.—SEL.

Heart-work must be God's work. Only the great heart-maker can be the great heart-breaker. If I love him my heart will be filled with his spirit and obedient to his commands.—BAXTER.